Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Bul. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.
Bul. Goe ſome of you convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bul. On wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelves. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but alſo to effect
What ever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eyes of teares,
Come home with me to ſupper, ile lay a plot
Shall ſhew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill-erected Tower:
To whoſe flint boſome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke.*
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious Earth
Have any reſting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard and Gard.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather doe not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke up; behold.
That you in pitty may diſſolve to dew,

And

'And waſh him freſh againe with
Ah thou the modell where old
Thou map of honour, thou King
And not King *Richard*: thou m
Why ſhould hard-favor'd griefe
When triumph is become an Ale
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe,
To make my end too ſudden; le
To thinke our former State a ha
From which awak'd, the truth
Shewes us but this. I am ſworne
To grim neceſſity; and he and
Will keepe a League till Death.
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Reli
Our holy lives muſt win a new
Which our prophane houres he
Qu. What, is my *Richard* bo
Transform'd, and weaken'd? H
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath
The Lyon dying thruſteth forth
And wounds the earth, if nothi
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt
Take thy Correction mildly, ki
And fawne on rage with baſe hu
Which art a Lyon, and a King o
Rich. A King of beaſts indee
I had beene ſtill a happy King o
Good (ſometime Queene) prep
Thinke I am dead, and that eve
As from my death-bed, my laſt
In winters teadious night ſit b
With good old folkes, and le
Of woefull ages, long agoe be
And ere thou bid goodnight, t
Tell thou the lamentable fall o
And ſend the hearers weeping t
For why? the ſenceleſſe Brands
The heavy accent of my moovin